THE

Poor Widows MITE

In Seven MEDITATIONS.

TOGETHER

With a ſerious Meditation, to be ſaid of Women with Child, at the Time of their Deliverie.

All very comfortable, and uſeful for the People of GOD, And which may be ſung with the Tune of any Pſalm, or other Tunes fiting thereunto.

Pſal. 119. 15. *I will meditate in thy precepts, and have reſpect unto all thy ways.*

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The poor Widows Mite

The First Meditation.

AH helpleſs Wretch, what ſhall I do?
or which way ſhall I rune;
The Earth bewrays, and Heaven records,
The ſins that I have done.
The gates of Hell wide open ſtand,
for to receive me in,
And fearful Fiends already be,
to torment me for ſin.
Alace, where ſhall I ſuccour find?
the Earth doth me deny,
And to the ſecret Heavens above,
I dare not lift mine eye.
If Heaven and Earth ſhall witneſs be,
againſt my Soul for ſin,
Untimely-birth, alace, for me
much better then had been.
And now deſpair approacheth faſt,
with bloody murthering knife.
And willeth me to end my grief,
by ſhortning of my life:
Shall I deſpair? thou God forbid,
for mercy more is thine;

BRITISH MUSEUM

Then

Then if the ſins of all the World
were linked now with mine,
Deſpiſe not then, moſt loving Lord,
the Image of thy face,
Which thou haſt wrought, and dearly bought,
with goodneſs of thy Grace.
And ſith the bloody price is pay'd,
and bitter pains all paſt;
Receive my plaints, accept my ſprit,
and mercy grant at laſt:
So ſhall my Soul, Rejoice, Rejoice,
and ſtill for mercy cry,
Peccavi, Peccavi, Miſerere Mei.

The ſecond Meditation.

THou God! who rul'ſt and reign'ſt in light,
that fleſh cannot attain,
Thou God! who knows the thoughts of men
are altogether vain:
Thou God? whom neither tongues of men,
nor Angels can expreſs;
Thou God! it is, that we do ſeek,
oh, pitty my diſtreſs.
Thy ſeat, O God! is every where,
thy power, all powers tranſcend,
Thy wiſdom cannot meaſured be,
for that it hath no end.
Thou art the power, and meaſure too,

and ſole felicitie ;
But I a lump of ſinful fleſh,
Nurſe of iniquitie,
Thou art, by nature mercifull,
and mercy, is thy Name ;
And I by nature, miſerable,
the thrall of ſin and ſhame.
Then let thy Nature. O good God !
now work his force on me,
And cleanſe this nature of my ſin,
and heal my miſerie.
One depth, O Lord, another craves,
my depth of ſinful crime,
Requires the depth of mercy great,
for ſaving health in time :
Sweet Chriſt, grant that the depth of Grace,
may ſwallow up my ſin ;
That I thereby may whiter be,
then ever Snow hath been.
So ſhall my Soul, Rejoice, Rejoice
and ſtill for mercy cry,
Peccavi, Peccavi, Miſerere Mei.

The third Meditation.

BEfore thy face, and in thy ſight,
have I committed ſhame :
O Lord, tranſgreſſed willingly,
I do confeſs the ſame.

Yet

Yet was I loth that men ſhould know,
or underſtand my fall;
Thus feared am I, more then Thee,
thou righteous Judge of all.
So blind was I, and ignorant,
yea rather, wilfull blind,
That ſuckt the Comb, and knew the Bee
had left the ſting behind.
My ſins, O God, to thee are known,
there is no ſecret place,
Where I may hide my ſelf, or them,
from preſence of thy Face.
Where ſhall *I* then my ſelf beſtow?
or, who ſhall me defend?
None is ſo loving as my God,
thy Mercies have no end.
Indeed I grant, and do confeſs,
my ſins ſo heinous be,
As mercy none at all deſerves,
but yet thy propertie;
Is always to be mercifull
to Sinners in diſtreſs,
Wherefore, thou will declare, and ſhew
thy great Almightineſs.
Have mercy, Lord, on me therefore,
for thy great mercies ſake;
Who camſt not righteous men to call,
but Sinners part to take.

Where-

Wherefore, my Soul, be glade, be glade,
and cry inceſſantly;
Peccavi, Peccavi; Miſerere Mei.

The fourth Meditation.

MOſt gracious God, do not behold
the number of my ſin,
Nor yet conſider, with my ſelf
how wicked I have been:
But rather think *I* am but Duſt,
or as the withered Hay;
Which flouriſheth to day in field,
to morrow ſhorn away.
My Fleſh rebells againſt my Sprite,
my *Sp*'rit too weak is found,
By ſin conceiv'd in Mothers womb,
my *S*oul firſt caught her wound,
My *F*leſh is frail, too weak, and vaine,
to do the thing *I* ſhould,
And what *I* would, not that *I* doe,
contrarie that *I* would.
Thou ſeeſt, O Lord, how weak *I* am,
not able for to ſtand,
Without the ſuccour, help, and aid,
of thy moſt mighty hand:
And what is he? that will not ſtay
the man that's like to fall,
Or will refuſe the ſick to help?

for

for help when he doth call.
If thou wilt lay unto my charge,
the burden of my ſin,
O Lord, the conqueſt is but ſmall,
that thou thereby ſhalt win.
For why, thy Glory, and thy praiſe,
in mercy both conſiſt,
Unto the which *I* yeeld my ſelf
to do with, what thou liſt.
My *S*oul ſhall truſt in Thee, in Thee,
and ſtill for mercy cry.
Peccavi Peccavi, Miſerere Mei.

The fifth Meditation.

IF *I* demand, what mercy is
to God? will anſwer me,
That mercy is the abundance great
of thy divine pittie,
*W*herewith thou view'ſt the' afflicted ſort,
that on the Earth doth lie:
And what is this compaſſion then?
but proofes of thy mercy,
Our Fathers old, the ſame have felt,
and now in reſt do reign;
And thou art ſtill the ſelf ſame God,
for ever to remain.
Our Fathers were conceiv'd in ſin,
and ſo are we likewiſe;

Wilt thou compaſſion ſhew to them,
and Children not deſpiſe.
One faith in Chriſt, we all profeſs,
one God, in Perſons three?
As thou compaſſion hadſt on them
compaſſion have on me.
Ponder, O God! all my deſires,
moſt humbly do *I* crave,
And do away all my miſdeeds,
and ſo compaſſion have:
And as of Sinners many one,
whoſe number is unknown,
Thou didſt vouſchafe to draw to thee,
and make them all thine own;
So now vouſchafe, moſt gentle God,
likewiſe to draw me in,
And make me righteous by thy Grace,
forgiving me my ſin.
So ſhall my Soul, Rejoice, Rejoice,
and ſtill for mercy cry,
Peccavi, Peccavi Miſerere Mei.

The ſixth Meditation.

MOſt mighty God, *I* do confeſs,
ten thouſand times and more,
Thou haſt me waſhed from my ſin,
and cured ſtill my ſore;
But *I* through ſin am falln again,

and fouler now am made,
Then ever was the filthie Swine,
with the mire overlaid:
How oftentimes ſhall we forgive
each other that offend?
Seventie times ſeven, the Scripture ſaith,
which ſignifies no end.
If man to man ſuch favour ſhew:
that wretched Captives be,
How much more, *Thou*, O gracious God,
to them that call on *Thee*.
It is thy Nature to forgive,
my nature can but fall,
Though thou be juſt in all thy Works,
thy Nature paſſeth all.
What time a Sinner doth repent,
and turn to thee at laſt,
All ſins foredone thou wilt forgive,
thy promiſe ſo hath paſt.
Behold, O God, *I* turn to *Thee*,
with ſorrow for my ſin;
And do repent even from my heart
that *I* ſo lewd have been:
Now waſh me, Lord, yet once again,
with fountain of thy grace;
That I among the ſacred Saints,
with *Thee* may have a place.

My Soul ſhall truſt, in Thee, in Thee,
and ſtill for mercy cry,
Peccavi Deus, Peccavi, *Ah Miſerere Mei.*

The ſeventh Meditation.

LIkeas the guilty priſoner ſtands,
before the Judge ſo rude,
With quaking breath, and trembling limbs
his judgment to abide;
Even ſo, O God, before thy face,
in fearfull ſtate I ſtand,
And guilty cry to Thee my Judge,
and now hold up my hand.
Nothing have I to plead for life,
no goodneſs is in me;
Of Sin, deceit and Wickedneſs,
guiltie, good Lord, guiltie.
Thus by thy righteous Doom, O Lord,
and ſacred Law divine:
Condemn'd am I to enleſs pain,
through juſt deſerts of mine:
Alace, what then is to be ſaid?
or, what is to be done?
For mercy, Lord, will I appeal
to Jeſus Chriſt thy Son.
For never yet it hath been heard,
ſince firſt the world began,

That Jesus Christ did turn his face
from any sinful man:
Which unto him for mercy came,
with sad repenting mind;
O Lord, shall I then be the first
that shall no mercy find?
Shall I be he thou wilt despise?
that humblie comes to Thee,
No, no, sweet Christ, thy promise is
for to deliver me.
Wherefore my Soul, be glade, be glade,
and cry incessantly,
Peccavi Deus, Peccavi, Ah Miserere mei.

FINIS.

A Meditation to be said of Women with Child.

In time of Trouble call on me,
And I will then deliver thee.

The time draws near of painful Throes,
How long *I* shall the same endure God knows?
O Lord, my God, *I* humbly ask of Thee,

Make

Make haſte ſweet Chriſt, and ſafe deliver me.

Althouogh my ſins deſerved have right well
Such pains as this, yea more then tongue
(can tell ;
Yet ah, my God, turn not away thy face,
Nor me forſake in this ſo ſharp a caſe.

This womb, & fruit, that ſpringeth in the ſame
Haſt thou creat, to glory of thy Name,
Oppreſt with pain, O *Lord*, when *I* ſhall be
Make leſs the ſame, ſo much as pleaſeth thee

And grant, good God, thy creature may proceed
Safely alive, with mercy at my need ;
In Chriſt his Name, *I* will my travel ſhew
Now holy Ghoſt come comfort me in wo:

Come Father dear, & let thy power deſcen
O Jeſus Chriſt, thy Mercy great extend :
Ah God, behold my dolour, and my fr
Sweet Holy-Ghoſt, my Comforter thou a

Take part with me, and hear my woful cry,
Exaudi me, Miſerere Mei.

FINIS.

9 JUL
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